A COPY OF VERSES,

HUMBLY PRESENTED

To all his worthy Maſters and Miſtriſſes

In the Town of *Lambeth.*

By THOMAS OULDMAN, Belman.

The PROLOGUE.

I walk my Rounds, kind Sirs, as you can tell,
And very ſeldome fail to Ring my Bell;
The Winter Froſts I value not, but take
A pleaſure in my Labours for your ſake.

And now the time o'th' Year commands to bring
My Verſes to you as an Offering,
I hope that every one will mindful be
Of all my Pains, my Chriſtmas-Box *and Me.*

On St. Thomas's *Day.*

WHen as St. *Thomas* heard that Chriſt did live,
Whom he ſaw dead, no credit could he give
To that report, till he his hand did hide
In the wide wounds made in Chriſt's ſide.
Oh weak of Faith, to think he ſhould not give
Life to himſelf, who made the Dead to live!
But this declares Man's frailty; Then let's cry,
Encreaſe our Faith, good Lord, or elſe we dye.

On Chriſtmas *day.*

WHen great *Auguſtus Ceſar* reign'd on Earth,
Then was the time of our great Saviours birth:
Which Angels caus'd from Heaven to deſcend,
That they to th' world glad tydings might commend,
Singing this Song, *Glory to God on High,*
And Peace on Earth; thoughts from Eternity
Of good will towards Men, is now made known,
Believing in him, Heaven and all's our own.

On St. Stephens *day.*

SAint *Stephen* was King of Martyrs, he did ſee
The Heavens to ope', and Jeſus Chriſt to be
Set on his Fathers right hand, there to make
Prayers and Interceſſion for Man's ſake.
Awake, O man, awake, ariſe and pray,
Call on the Lord while it is call'd to day;
For if the Bridegroom (entring) ſhut the Gate,
Then may you call, but it will be too late.

On St. Johns *day.*

SAint *John* was chief Apoſtle of the reſt,
Chriſt gave him leave to lean upon his breaſt;
He in a Revelation ſaw all ſhould come
Upon the World until the Day of Doom;
Which how nigh 'tis no mortal man can tell:
Then whilſt thou liv'ſt, endeavour to live well:
That when Chriſt comes, theſe words be ſaid to thee,
Come now, ye Bleſſed, come and live with me.

Upon Innocents *day.*

OH, what a Crowd of little Martyrs went
Upon that day to Heaven, whom *Herod* ſent!
When he did cauſe the Children to be ſlain,
His malice was to Chriſt, but was in vain;
Man's Will cannot the Lords Decree prevent;
That labour's loſt that is ſo vainly ſpent.

PUt not thy truſt in Man, which lives on Earth,
But in the Lord, which gave thee life and breath:
For he is him whom thou mayſt alwaies truſt,
A gracious God, both merciful and juſt.

For the Winter.

HAppy remain my Benefactors all,
That nightly hear my voice, my joy's not ſmall
That I once more have leave for to preſent
My faithful ſervice, in hopes 'twill give content.
And ſince the Seaſon it doth me invite,
I am reſolved (with God's leave) each night
To walk my Rounds, with Lanthorn, Staff, and Bell,
To ſee (kind ſirs) all things is ſafe and well;
Your doors and windows, locks and lights ſhall be
Chiefly my care through all my liberty;
And leaſt dread danger it ſhould come to you,
You ſhall have both my Pains and Prayers too.

IN worſt of times 'tis good to ſerve the Lord,
Though troubles come, yet he will ſtill afford
Help and Relief to thoſe that fear his Name,
Therefore with me extol and laud the ſame:
For by that means you will more comfort find
Than all the World can give unto your mind.

AWake from ſleep, afford your ſouls relief,
And mind how death comes on you like a thief:
Who is ſo courteous, with none for to adviſe
What time he'l come, what hour he will ſurprize;
Each hour prepare you, then wail for your ſins:
Where Death doth make an *end*, Judgment *begins.*

KNow ſinners, know, how great foe're you are,
That you muſt ſtand at Chriſt's Tribunal Bar,
To anſwer for the crimes that you have done,
Before Chriſt Jeſus, Gods beloved Son:
And if he prove thy Advocate to be,
Then thou art bleſt to all Eternity.
And if he do refuſe to be thy friend,
Thy pains and miſeries ſhall never end.

GIve us (good God) all new minds, and inſpire
Our frozen hearts with thy moſt Holy fire:
Guide thou our foot-ſteps, and rectifie our waies;
Lord, teach us ſtill to number all our days.

LOrd, grant that here thy Goſpel ſtill may ſhine,
And all our hearts may to thy Laws incline,
To mind thy Word and Holy Sacrament,
That while we live, we daily may repent.

HOw frail is Man! how uncertain are his daies!
How is his Life incumbred many ways
With care, vexation, grief and ſorrow!
Alive to day, yet may be dead to morrow.
Death is a Meſſenger with flying wings,
That ſtrikes at poor mens Tents as well as Kings;
O mortal man, Death alwaies skulks behind you,
For as Death leaves you, ſo ſhall Judgment find you.

IT's good for us to keep in heart and mind
The works of God, which was to us ſo kind.
Then let us all, before our days are ſpent,
Both great and ſmall, now labour to repent,
That when we ſhall reſign our mourning breath,
We may with ſmiles embrace the thoughts of death.
Lord, grant that we our lives may all amend,
While here we live, before this life doth end.

NO mortal man at all times wiſe can be,
The beſt of men delight in Vanity;
What pitty 'tis that man, who this doth know,
Should fancy that which works his overthrow;
But man by Nature ſinful is and frail,
And ſin o're him doth powerfully prevail;
Then let Us poor diſtreſſed ſinners all
With contrite Hearts for Gods aſſiſtance call.

The EPILOGUE.

Now having brought my Sheet near to an end,
In which there's nought, I hope, that can offend;
Sirs, 'tis my drift unthought, my Learnings ſmall,
With wholſome Lines ſtill for to pleaſe you all,
But yet I fear there's ſome will take offence,

Becauſe they find in them ſmall Eloquence;
I am not of ſuch quick ripe-witted Brains,
As to produce high-flown Poetick Strains:
And yet I hope you will accept my Rhimes,
But to pleaſe all, poor Tom *muſt riſe betimes.*

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